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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A TRIP TO VIRGINIA IN 1807.

Col. S——'s, Greenbrier county, Va.

My dear Sister—

I have recently arrived here. Having made a tour through the lower part of this state, I am so far on my return to the western country. My excursion was made down the south side of James river, and I returned on the north side to this place.— In the course of my route, I visited the metropolis of our ancient domain, (Richmond) and thence went to see our sister, the only member of the family that now resides in this state. During this excursion, there were several occurrences which may be interesting to you; particularly my visit to our old neighborhood and place of nativity.

I had contemplated this tour with some degree of interest, but was determined, if possible, to repress all the ardour of youthful sensations. In fact it was my wish to pass through the land of my nativity as an entire stranger. My reason for doing so, was, that I might enjoy myself amidst my own reflections, on the scenery around me, or the occurrences of life; to amuse myself in travelling this country as an "itinerant backwoodsman," and to pass from place to place making such observations on the land of our nativity as might add in some degree to my little, very little, stock of knowledge; but, as to this particular, in some instances I was disappointed.

On stopping for refreshment, on the New-London and Manchester road, a genteel looking lady of the house, after eyeing me very closely for sometime, announced my name. You may well judge my surprise! This really startled me! It was here that family likeness betrayed me: this lady had been acquainted with some of our elder sisters. It was here, I thought, had I been so disposed, I might have played off some of my innocent pranks of amusement with impunity! This circumstance really taught me a serious lesson; indeed, on all occasions of the kind, how cautious we ought to be. When I thought myself far beyond the reach of all that had any knowledge of me, or my relations, to hear my name announced was a most astonishing event to a young traveller!

In Richmond, I felt much solicitude to "look around me." I visited the capitol. The United States Circuit Court was in session. In passing through the Capitol to see what was going on there, I espied the marble statue of WASHINGTON; the different positions which I took to examine this monument of illustrious worth, excited some attention, and soon brought me in contact with an Ex-Governor of Virginia. In the NICHE of the wall I discovered the bust of Lafayette. A youth of above my own age became solicitous to know who this inquisitive young traveller could be. We entered into a conversation, and passed into the Court room. It was during the recess of the trial of the celebrated Aaron Burr! My companion having seated himself with me in the lawyer's bar, we had an excellent opportunity of making our juvenile remarks. It was a desultory time with the Court. The venerable Chief Justice M***** was on the bench, who I soon recognized from the admirable description given of him by the author of the British Spy. I thought that I could almost see Genius as a flash of lightning in his eye. After taking a very particular view of this great man, who sat with as much composure upon the bench as if it was the sole business of his life, to unravel "the knotty" concerns of men—I next enquired for our distinguished countryman Ed—d R—n—ph, who was our first Secretary of State, under Washington, (after the resignation of Mr. Jefferson) on the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States. I sat next him, and my young friend giving me the "wink," I caught the eye of this distinguished Orator; he having heard my enquiry, smiled. It is true, I was a little embarrassed, but from the appearance of

* It is somewhat remarkable, that when a great genius, or a distinguished statesman, or orator "falls," what a vacuum is left in "human society." It frequently requires almost an age to fill the "void waste." This gentleman undoubtedly possesses distinguished talents. His herculean mind has hitherto grasped the most abstruse "legal" subjects, and settled down some of the most intricate and subtle questions of our national law. He has frequently "stemmed the torrent of popular opinion," and as yet maintains a dignified station among the illustrious characters of the present age. But when he goes, I apprehend a "vacuum" in our distinguished "national tribunal" that it will require an "age" to fill!

his countenance, I remarked that he was not displeased; his large dark eye manifested to me so benevolent a heart, that soon put me perfectly at my ease.

I had thus continued my enquiry and remarks, until my curiosity was in some degree satisfied as to characters, of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had never seen before. Such observations may be rendered serviceable, and I shall not fail to profit by them. It has ever been a pleasing employment to me, and I have frequently waked up, as from a slumber, in a vast assemblage of persons of various descriptions, after taking a view of the features, and contemplating the dispositions of the human mind. You know that I have often been charged with an over fondness for the works of Lavater, and frequently to

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the manners living as they rise."

* * * * *

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
"The proper study of mankind is man."

I next wandered about the city where-soever circumstances appeared to afford any gratification to my curiosity; but meeting with an acquaintance from the western country, I was informed that it was highly probable that I should be detained as a witness in the case of the U. S. against A. Burr. Not being in possession of facts beneficial to either party, and unwilling to be stopped from pursuing my pleasing ramble; and indeed dreadful was the idea to me of being catechised by those deep penetrating personages, whose phizzes I had been contemplating—I fled.

"Hail therefore, patroness of health and ease,
"And contemplation, heart consoling joys,
"And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
"Of multitudes unknown! hail rural life!"

Adieu,

SPOTSWOOD.

SELECTIONS.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

From Schoolcraft's Travels.

The following customs have been observed among the Chippewas inhabiting the shores of Lake Superior. How far they have spread among other tribes, or with what shades of difference they may exist even throughout the various bands of this widely dispersed nation, it would be interesting to determine.

For several nights after the interment of a person a fire is placed upon the grave. This fire is lit in the evening and carefully supplied with small sticks of dry wood, to keep up a bright but small blaze. It is kept burning for several hours, generally until the usual hour of going to rest, and then suffered to go out. The fire is renewed for four nights, and sometimes longer. The person who performs this pious rite, is, generally, a near relative of the deceased, or one who lived in long habits of intimacy with him. The following tale is related as showing the origin of this custom. It will at once be perceived that their traditions and fictions are intimately blended. It would be impossible to decide whether the custom existed prior to the tale, or the tale had been invented to suit the custom. We may suppose that their customs and imaginative tales have alternately acted as cause and effect. To trace the history of their operation upon the savage mind, would be impossible if it were attempted.

The Funeral Fire.—A small war party of Chippewas encountered their enemies upon an open plain, where a severe battle was fought. Their leader was a brave and distinguished warrior, but he never acted with greater bravery, or distinguished himself for greater personal prowess than now. After turning the tide of battle against his enemies, and while shouting for victory, he received an arrow in his breast, and fell dead upon the plain. No warrior thus killed is ever buried; and, according to ancient custom, he was placed in sitting posture upon the field, his back supported by a tree, and his face towards the course in which their enemies had fled. His head-dress and equipments were accurately adjusted, as if living, and his bow turned against his shoulder. In this posture his companions left him. A fate which appeared so evident to all, proved, however, deceptive in the result. Although deprived of utterance and ability to move, he heard distinctly all that had been said by his friends. He heard them lament his death, without the power of contradicting it; and he felt their touch, as they adjusted his posture, without the strength to reciprocate it. His anguish, when he felt himself thus abandoned, was raised to the extreme; and his wish to follow his friends on their return so completely filled his mind, when he saw them, one after another, take leave of the corpse and depart, that, after making a violent exertion, he arose, or seemed to himself to rise, and follow them. But his form was invisible to them; and this gave new cause for the surprise, disappointment, and rage, which alternately filled his breast. He followed their track, however

with great diligence. Wherever they went, he went; when they walked, he walked; when they ran, he ran; when they encamped, he encamped; when they slept, he slept; when they awoke, he awoke. In short, he mingled in all their labors and toils; but he was excluded from all their sources of refreshment, except that of sleeping, and from the pleasures of participating in their conversation, for all that he said was unattended to.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you do not see me—that you do not hear me—that you do not understand me? will you suffer me to bleed to death, without offering to staunch my wounds? will you permit me to starve in the midst of plenty? have those whom I have so often led to war, so soon forgotten me? is there no one who recollects me, or who will offer me a morsel of food in my distress?" Thus he continued to upbraid his friends, at every stage of the journey, but no one seemed to hear his words; or, if they heard his voice, they mistook its sound for the winds of summer, rustling among the green leaves.

At length the returning war party reached their village, and their women and children came out according to custom, to welcome their return, and proclaim their praises. Kaumaudjeewug! Kaumaudjeewug! Kaumaudjeewug! They have met, fought, and conquered, was shouted from every mouth, and resounded through the most distant parts of the village. Those who had lost friends came eagerly to inquire their fate, and to know whether they had died like men.—The decrepid father consoled himself for the loss of his son, with the reflection that he had fallen manfully, and the widow half forgot her sorrow amid the praises that were uttered of the bravery of her departed husband. The breasts of the youths glowed with martial ardor as they heard these flattering praises, and children joined in shouts of which they scarcely knew the meaning. But amidst all this uproar and bustle, no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded warrior-chief. He heard many inquiries of his own fate—he heard them relate how he had fought, conquered, and fallen with an arrow pierced through his breast, and that his body had been left among the slain.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief, with a loud voice, "that I was killed and left upon the field. I am here! I live! I move! See me! Touch me! I shall again raise my lance in the battle, and sound my drum in the feast." But nobody seemed conscious of his presence, and they mistook his loud voice for the whispering winds. He now walked to his

own lodge: he saw his wife within, tearing her hair, and raising her lamentations over his fate: he endeavored to undeceive her, but she also seemed equally insensible of his presence or his voice: she sat in a despairing manner, with her head inclined upon her hands: he asked her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply: he then placed his mouth close to her ear, and vociferated, "I am hungry, give me some food." The wife thought she heard a buzzing in her ear, and remarked it to one who sat near her. The enraged husband, now summoning all his strength, struck her a blow on the forehead. She only complained of feeling a shooting pain there, such is not unfrequent, and raising her hand to her head, remarked, "I feel a slight head-ache."

Foiled then in every attempt to make himself known, the warrior-chief began to reflect upon what he had heard in his youth, that the spirit was sometimes permitted to leave the body and wander about. He reflected that possibly his body might have remained upon the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning friends. He determined to return upon their track, although it was four days journey to the place. He accordingly began his journey immediately. For three days, he pursued his way without meeting any thing uncommon, but on the fourth, towards evening, as he came to the skirts of the battle-field, he saw a fire in the path before him. He walked to one side to avoid stepping into it, but the fire had also moved its position, and was still before him. He then went in another direction, but the mysterious fire still crossed his path, and seemed to bar his entrance to the scene of conflict. In short, whichever way he took, the fire was still before him: no expedient seemed capable of eluding it. "Thou demon," he exclaimed at length, "why dost thou bar my approach to the field of battle? Knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and that I seek again to enter my body? Or dost thou presume that I shall return without effecting my object? Know that I have never been defeated by the enemies of the nation, and will not be defeated by thee? So saying, he made a sudden effort and jumped through the flame. In this exertion, he awoke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field of battle. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, having all his warlike dress and implements upon his body the same as they had been left by his friends on the day of battle. He looked up and beheld a large canoe, or war-eagle, sitting in the tree above his

head. He immediately recognised this bird to be the same he had dreamt of in his youth, and whom he had selected as his guardian spirit, or personal memento. This bird had carefully watched his body, and prevented other ravenous birds from devouring it. He got up and stood sometime upon his feet; but he found himself weak and much exhausted. The blood upon his wound had staunched itself, and he now bound it up. He possessed the knowledge of such roots as were efficacious for its cure. These he carefully sought in the woods. Some of them he pounded between stones, and applied externally; others he chewed and swallowed. In a short time, he felt himself so much recovered as to be able to commence his journey; but he suffered greatly from hunger, not being able to see any large animals. With his bow and arrows, however, he killed small birds during the day, which he roasted by the fire at night. In this way he sustained himself until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that peculiar whoop which indicates the safe return of an absent friend. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe despatched to bring him across.—But while this canoe was absent, conjecture was exhausting itself in designating the unknown person who had given this friendly intimation of his approach. All who were of the war party had returned, except those who were killed on the field.

It might be some neighbouring hunter. It might be a deception of their enemies. It was rash to send a canoe without knowing that any of their friends were absent. In the height of this conjecture, the warrior chief was landed amidst the shouts of his friends and relations, who thronged from every lodge to welcome their leader. When the first wild bursts of wonder and joy had subsided, and some degree of quiet was restored in the village, he related to his people the account of his adventures, which he has given. He then concluded his narration by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirit of a deceased person to have a fire built upon his grave for four nights after his interment: that it is four days' journey to the land appointed for the residence of the spirit: that in its journey thither, the spirit stood in need of a fire every night, at the place of its encampment: and that if the friends kindled this funeral fire upon the place where the body was deposited, the spirit had the benefit of its light and warmth in its sojourning. If they neglected this rite, the spirit would himself be subjected to the irksome task of building its own fires at night.

From the Nautical Intelligencer.

THE ICE SHIP.

From an old Sea Captain's Manuscript.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was placed in that shuttlecock situation of Cabin-boy, thereby being the thing on board ship which any and every one had a legitimate right to kick, that our vessel was engaged in a voyage in that worst of wintry seas, the Baltic. The difficulty of obtaining a cargo delayed our return until the season had advanced so far as to create peril from the ice, as well as from tempest. The suffering from cold I well remember, though perhaps my young blood and the collective and disjunctive kicks and cuffs aforesaid served to make my endurance less than that of others;—but young as I was, my watch on deck came over often for my somniferous faculties, and the curtailed limits of a monkey jacket kept me dancing and kicking to prevent the freezing effect of the cold spray. Sometimes in the moonlight would be discovered the ice-berg, moving with the majesty of death, along the moaning deep, like some giant surveying the domain of his empire—again another, almost level with the wave, but extending as far beneath as the other above its surface, would dash into foam the billow as it rolled upon its glittering side—an accumulating rock, the contact with which was instant destruction. The severity of the weather was fast approximating our ship to a miniature resemblance of these Leviathans—the shrouds gathering size each hour from the dashings of the sea, our decks loaded with an unprofitable cargo of ice, and our bows presenting, instead of the sharp angle of the fast sailer, the broad visage of a pugnacious ram, fronted for the contest.

It was one of these moonlight evenings, during the severest intensity of the cold, that we made (in sailor phrase) a ship ahead. From a wish to ascertain the truth of his reckoning, or from some other motive with which he did not see fit to entrust so important a personage as myself, our Captain was desirous of speaking her—and knowing the heaviness of his own sailing, ordered a signal gun to be fired, which after much hammering upon the tompons of our guns, and sundry scrapings around our solitary piece of ordnance, to say nothing of the quivering hand and expiring coal of our temporary gunner, was accomplished. We were however surprised, before this feat was performed, at the proportional rapidity with which we came up with the stranger—he seemed under shorter sail than ourselves, and when we arrived within hail we observed that some of his sails were very indifferently handed, and with what

few were set, he was lying to—every piece of rigging as high as the fore yard was swelled to an enormous bulk by ice, and exhibited every prismatic color as it quivered in the moonbeam. The hull of the ship seemed to be encumbered with quadruple the quantity of ice that loaded us—and she resembled throughout that ship of glass which now decks my mantlepiece. One individual stood at the helm with a *chapeau* that might have been of the shaggy fur of some animal—but it now bristled in points, like a chrystal hedgehog—our vessel was now along side and within a few yards of her, with our maintopsail aback—and our mate with his bull voice hailed “what ship is that?”—The helmsman seemed deaf, and made no reply, and the crew (what were on deck) appeared not to understand the lingo of our mate. He again bawled in French—no answer—then with a few English dams, in Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese—but all to no purpose; the helmsman of the stranger seemed too intense on his own business, to regard such petty interruption. The mate went below to report; a long consultation was held, wherein the officers of the ship conversed in under tones, and the sailors turned their quids and looked alternately at the stranger and at each other; as for me I thought their silence uncivil and was anxious to hear the command to “fill maintopsail,” and to run away from a clime where I met with nothing but cross words, hard duty and cold fingers. At last our mate appeared, and ordered the boat hoisted out and—never did I witness a command on board that ship, so lazily and reluctantly obeyed—but in spite of delay the thing was to be done, and our second mate, a real daredevil, was ordered to take a crew on board the stranger, who now was very near us—in the crew tardily crept, and as I was looking and wondering, being in the second mate's way, he tumbled me neck and heels into the boat, and we were ordered to pull away—in a short time we were at the side of the ship, and rowed for the shrouds where a sailor was standing, apparently watching us—I was ordered to throw a rope to him, which I did with great precision and actually hit the fellow on his head—but still he would not nor did not take it, and I was d—d by the second mate, for a lubberly fellow, with a supererogatory punch with the oar's end on my shoulder—again we rowed up and the second mate tried his skill, with the same success—and I have no doubt that he would have complimented the boorish sailor in the same manner, if he had a similar proximity—a third time the boat was alongside and the officer with some diffi-

culy made the warp fast around the enormous shroud, and stepped on board, followed by the crew, who shrunk to his rear.—Among the last I clambered over the slippery side, and with due caution made a stand in the centre of the group who were listening to the colloquy which had commenced on the part of our second officer.

I shall not attempt to give the precise language which he held toward the helmsman of the strange ship, but it was not the most civil, or such as is heard often in a lady's drawing room. The amount of it was a "sailor's jaw" for not answering a hail, and for not taking the warp, concluded by a request to know his latitude and longitude and how certain capes bore from their ship—to all of which no reply was made, when I was called upon for a lantern, which I had taken from the boat, and had snugly stowed away under my jacket, keeping both light and heat to myself—a thing by no means difficult, as the moonlight rendered its absence unobserved. The second mate received it and went aft to observe the countenance of the dumb gentleman of the helm—in his way he stumbled over a man, whom he thought either drunk or asleep, but finally held the lamp to the face of the steersman, which was a shapeless lump of ice—the helm was lashed, his hand upon it, his feet fixed at some depth in the ice, and he himself frozen stiff in his upright position—near him were several of the crew in horizontal and various attitudes from whom life had long since fled. The horror of the scene struck a panic among our boat's crew, and they did not wait for orders to make the best of their way towards the boat. The officer turned round with a countenance of true sailor *sang froid*, wherein there was not a particle of alarm, and ordered them to follow him below—the fear of his enormous fist induced all the rest, and much more especially myself, to obey the order, and we proceeded to the labour of removing the companion way. In the mean time while I ventured to look at my friend at the shrouds who would not catch the rope whereby I had the effect in a sound blow on the shoulder—he was frozen stiff with his arms around the rigging. Not being fond of the spectacle, I kept close to the heels of the second mate, as he descended the gangway—in fact we all went "*en masse*" each being very careful to stick close to his neighbour.

At the first part of the cabin sat the Captain with his arms folded, before him pen ink and paper, a thick fur cap on his head, and as the light shone full on his countenance, there was the most fearful look from him cast upon us that I ever witnessed. Years have since passed, but

the remembrance is as though the event was but yesterday—it has visited me in dreams. The appearance of his glaring eyes, and his distorted features was too much for our superstitious crew—

"Back rolled the tide."

I was thrown down in the turmoil, and no more notice taken of my situation, than of my frozen brethren on the deck; they ran over me like a flock of sheep. The second mate paused a moment, ascertained that the object of their fear had long ceased to exist—took me by the collar and dragged me on deck, doubtless anxious to prevent his boat's crew from leaving him sole officer of the stranger in the extremity of their fright. He found them stowed away under the thwarts of the boat, pitched me in like a dead mackerel, and ordered them to cast off and pull for our own ship—great alacrity was shown in this manoeuvre, and a few moments brought us back, just as the moon was hiding herself behind a cloud, and every thing wore the appearance of an approaching gale. Sails were handed with the utmost despatch, the decks cleared and things in order, as the gale struck us.—Egyptian darkness succeeded, and we were driven at ten knots under bare poles. Ever and anon (as the sailors asserted) they could perceive the strange vessel carrying sail under the fury of the tempest, and keeping her position on our weather quarter—and could at intervals hear her roaring after us as she ploughed through the billows.

At sundry times afterwards, during this voyage, when we were in warmer latitudes, on beautiful moonlight evenings, we could dimly distinguish the Ice Ship, steering in our wake, glittering in all the pride of awful pomp, apparently pursuing the same course with us, though her sails were trimmed, as if lying too. Such a phenomenon was always the prelude of a gale, and it became with us a habit to reef whenever her tall form towered beneath a moonlight sky.

In but one other voyage have I seen her, and then it was in the warm climate of the Indian Ocean many years since—it was on the evening before we were wrecked. But successful exertion at last secured me from situations wherein I might see her, and I now can at my own fireside tell over past perils, and wish all my brother sailors never to meet in any latitude with a full view of the Ice Ship.

TOM SPUNYARN.

DISTICH.

"To my love in a fruit tree I cried:—
'Come down now and give me a kiss!'
But she, pelting pippins, replied,
'You will get nothing better than this.'"

THE THAUMATROPE.

A curious toy, on revolutionary principles, which bids fair to turn the whole world topsy-turvy, has just made its appearance, and caused a prodigious sensation at the west end of the town, more especially among the scavans. It is called the Thaumatrope, as it does wonders by turning, and the contrivance is simply this; On each side of a round card, a different design is sketched; by twirling a couple of strings the card revolves, and during its revolutions a grotesque or whimsical combination is formed of the two images, which strike the eye as one. The optical illusion is most perfect; the philosophy of it is thus explained in the printed description of the invention:—"This amusing and philosophical toy is founded upon the well known optical principle, that an impression upon the eye lasts for a short interval after the object which produced it has been withdrawn. During the rapid whirling of the card, the figures on each of its sides are presented with such quick transition, that both appear at the same instant, and thus occasion a very striking and magical effect. If it were necessary to give the reader any further illustration of the principle here adverted to, it might be furnished by appearances which are familiar to every one. If a lighted stick be whirled round in the dark, a luminous circle will appear to the observer; this affords an explanation of the pin-wheel."

The combinations which are effected on the principle are extremely ingenious, and some numerous epigrams give a point to the optical illusions; ungraciously enough, however, these epigrams are, for the most part, levelled against revolutions, though by revolutions all the author's designs are perfected. Perhaps, indeed, these tirades were judged necessary to propitiate loyal people, who might not approve of the precedent of perfecting things by giving them a turn, and for the comfort and satisfaction of such worthies, the inventor has very ingeniously contrived to make a King by revolution. This is one of the best tricks on the cards; the head, legs, and arms of a man appear on one side, and the regalia on the other, we give the card a turn, and a King is made out of nobody. This exploit is thus set forth in the accompanying epigram;—

Legs, arms, and head, alone appear,
Observe that *no-body* is here,
Napoleon-like, I undertake,
Of *nobody* a King to make.

There are many other highly ingenious devices, but these things, though well worth seeing, will not bear describing.

"Black eyes ever ought to seem
Two bright cherries dropt in cream."

HAZELWOOD SCHOOL.

This school, which contains about 100 boys from nine to seventeen years of age, has been established since 1815, under the charge of Mr. T. W. Hill, the head master, assisted by three of his sons and four other teachers. The most remarkable, and perhaps the most questionable feature in its constitution, is the admission of the boys themselves into a share of the government, and the creation of an elective legislature, judiciary, and executive among them, in all the forms of law. The laws, which extend to every thing but the hours and species of teaching, are enacted by a committee elected by the boys themselves, but are not finally of authority till they obtain the assent of the head master. This same committee also appoints a chairman and secretary, and keeper of the records;—and then a judge and magistrate, an attorney-general, a sheriff, a clerk, and two constables. In order to maintain these officers in a due dependence on their constituents, the founders of the Hazelwood constitution have gone even beyond the advocates of annual parliaments, and limited the endurance, both of the legislative committee and all the judicial officers, to one month. All offences are tried by a jury of six boys, presided by the judge; and a regular record is kept of the proceedings. The constables and magistrate are bound to give information of every delinquency, and to carry the sentences—which the master, however, can always mitigate or remit—into execution. The punishments consist occasionally in a short imprisonment, but chiefly in the forfeiture of certain counters which form the currency of the school, and are earned by various sorts of merit, and by voluntary labour.

This system of currency may be said to form the second great peculiarity of this institution. They are originally issued by the different teachers as rewards, either for general excellence, or more commonly for spontaneous exercises, or work done for the express purpose of earning them; and their use is to enable those who incur penalties to discharge them, in this way, out of the fruits of their former deservings; or, if not exhausted in that less creditable way, to purchase general rank in school, or even holidays, and half holidays, in certain situations. The work by which this valuable currency is to be acquired, is left entirely to the choice of the boys themselves; every proof of voluntary exertion, in any way within the line of their studies, being thus rewarded to some extent or other—though the value set upon it is left to the discretion of the teacher—subject, however, to an appeal to the legislative committee. The desire

to obtain these counters, or marks, as they are called, is said by Mr. Hill to be very great—prudent boys, he assures us, are never without several hundreds of them, and some can even count their riches by thousands. The number to be forfeited for any common fault or negligence is settled by the law; the mulct for any offence tried by a jury, is of course assessed by their verdict. Delinquents who have no marks to liquidate their fines, are detained in the school-room, and obliged to rise earlier in the morning than the rest. If they seem hardened or desperate in their insolvency, they are handed over to some of the elder boys, who urge and help them to work, till their affairs are somewhat retrieved. Besides this vulgar currency, which is chiefly of use to measure and pay off the consequences of transgressions, there is another, which is used only and purely for the reward of merit, though capable, like the other, of accumulation, and conversion into all kinds of advantages. This is the author's account of it:

“Besides the counters already mentioned, rewards of another description are given, which we call premial marks: these can only be obtained by productions of the very best quality, and, unlike the penal marks, are strictly personal; that is, they cannot be transferred from one boy to another: with a certain number of them, a boy may purchase for himself an additional holiday, which can be obtained by no other means; and in the payment of penalties, they may be commuted at an established rate for penal marks. To prevent unnecessary interference in the arrangements of the school, the purchase of holiday with premial marks is confined to a certain afternoon in each week, when any one who is able may obtain his liberty. But an inducement to save their premial marks is offered to the boys by making them the means of procuring rank. Thus once and sometimes twice in every year, (according to the number of weeks from vacation to vacation,) the first place is put up to auction, and given to the boy who is willing to sacrifice for it the greatest number of premial marks: the second place is then sold in the same manner, and so on. By these means the possession of premial marks is made to bear upon the determination of the prizes; and so powerful is the motive thus created, that we find, on an examination of the accounts, that a boy of fourteen, now in the school, although constantly in the possession of marks amply sufficient to obtain a holiday per week, has bought but three quarters of a day's relaxation during the whole of the last year. The same boy, at a late arrangement, purchased his place on the list by a sacrifice of marks, sufficient to have obtained for him twenty-six half days' exemption from the labour and confinement of the school.”

It is one splendid testimony in favour of this new system of discipline, that under it all corporeal, and indeed all degrading punishments, have been found unnecessary; and that perfect order and regularity have been maintained without any other infliction than a little *extra* confinement, temporary incapacity from offices of hon-

our, and the forfeiture of certain sums of the currency we have already described.

The boys perform all the different movements which the changes of their occupations require, in a regular step, to the sound of music, which they themselves perform. There is some foppery, we think, in this, though it is harmless enough; and if it amuse the boys, better than harmless. They are taught English Grammar—Latin and Greek—French—Arithmetic—Mathematics and Surveying—Geography—Elocution—Composition and History—and the method of teaching in all these seems to us excellent. The system of monitors, and division into classes, is carried fully into practice, and with many original observances. The tasks are all short, and changed with singular frequency. They are seldom half an hour at any one work—and such as attend all the classes seem to change their occupations twelve or fifteen times in the course of the day. They have abundance of play-time—and all manner of exercises and amusements. There is a printing press, at which they print a magazine of their own composition, and various other little things;—such of them that chuse are instructed in music—though they seldom practice many minutes at a time.

Edinburgh Review.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Yesterday, the 12th April, the Directors visited the works previous to the General Assembly of the Proprietors. Since the laying of the foundation stone, on the 2d of March, on the solid timber curb, intended as the basis of a brick cylindrical tower, to form an entrance shaft, that curb has been sunk about ten feet, by the weight of a temporary dry brick cylindrical wall, which was done to ascertain the effect, and for the purpose of better initiating the workmen in the operation, which will now soon be completed. This succeeded in the fullest manner. The dry wall was then taken to pieces, and the effective and permanent cylindrical wall, in Roman cement, of three feet thick, and forty feet high, of the most compact workmanship, was then built, and is now surmounted by another timber curb, and the whole is screwed, by the ties, into the firmest solidity. It weighs about 1,000 tons. This is to be immediately crowned by a steam engine, placed on the massive timbers already laid for its reception. In a few days this large tower will be begun to be sunk entire, and with the nicest care, until it shall reach the blue clay at about 30 to 35 feet deep, where the iron shodding of the lower curb will firmly rest. The further operations will then lower the shaft to about 60 feet; and, when there

the horizontal tunnel will then commence under the river. The Directors had reason to express their entire satisfaction with all which had been done under the care of their engineer, Mr. Brunel, whose caution, and skilful manner of proceeding, received their marked approbation.

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1825.

Mr. ROBERT OWEN, from New-Harmony, delivered a lecture last evening, at the court house, to a large audience, for the purpose of answering some objections which have been made to his system; in the course of which he gave an account of the situation and prospects of the preliminary society lately established.

He represented that the society, although commenced but one month since, consists of above 900 souls, and that applications for admission are very numerous; that the utmost confidence exists among them; and that no doubt remains in the minds of any of the members as to the complete success of the principles on which their association is founded.

THE OHIO CANALS.

The decision and energy which have characterised the proceedings of our Canal Commissioners, afford us the strongest grounds for hoping that the few impediments existing in this state, to a career of prosperity without example, and beyond the calculations of the most sanguine, will be speedily removed. Our advantages of soil and climate are equal to those of any part of the United States; the industry and prudence of our farmers, are not surpassed; and for enterprize, intelligence and capacity, our mechanics are justly distinguished. In such a state of things, we seem to need only capital to give activity to our mechanics and manufacturers, and roads and canals to furnish facilities for the intercourse between the different sections of our own state, and with other states. The system of internal improvements adopted by our late Legislature, will gradually supply these desiderata; and, notwithstanding the clamours of the interested and factious in some parts of the state, we trust that the contemplated canals will be but the beginning of our works of public utility.

By the following extract from the advertisement of Mr. Williams, acting commissioner, it will be seen that the operations on both of our canal routes, will be speedily commenced, and when once begun, we have little fear of any interruption to their final accomplishment.—

If contracts, at fair prices, can be made, the Commissioners will be prepared to commence the work at Licking summit on the 4th day of July; and, at or near the same time, on the Portage summit.

Contracts will also be made for the construc-

tion of fifteen or twenty miles of the *Miami Canal*, about the 10th to the 20th of July; more particular notice of which will be given as soon as the exact time can be fixed.

The remainder of the line between Kendall & Lake Erie, (about 45 miles,) the reservoir on Licking summit, with the works connected with it; and the remainder of the Miami line between Middletown and Cincinnati, (25 to 30 miles,) will be offered for contract as soon after the above dates as the Engineers shall be able to prepare the line, due notice of which will be given.

Next week, we expect to be able to give some account of the state and prospects of the Louisville and Portland canal.

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

At a meeting of the citizens, held at the Cincinnati Hotel, on Friday Evening, June 10, 1825, pursuant to public notice, to make the necessary arrangements for celebrating the approaching anniversary of American Independence—Col Samuel Borden was called to the Chair, and John T. Jones appointed Secretary; when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee of eight be appointed, whose duty it shall be to select an Orator, Reader of the Declaration of Independence, Marshal of the Day, and make all necessary arrangements: when Col. Stephen Macfarland, Col. Samuel W. Davies, Col. Abraham Ferris, Major Nathaniel G. Pendleton, Capt. Richard Fosdick, William Disney, Francis Shields, and Jonathan Pancoast, Esqrs. were appointed that Committee.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the papers in the city.

SAMUEL BORDEN, *Ch'n.*

JOHN T. JONES, *Sec'y.*

LAFAYETTE IN LEXINGTON.

As a specimen of the manner in which our beloved guest was received in Lexington, we subjoin a portion of President HOLLEY's able address to him, on entering TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY—together with the General's eloquent and interesting reply.

"Your visit to the United States is of the greatest importance to us, and to the cause in which we are all engaged. They who see in it nothing but a popular pageant for the gratification of public curiosity, know not its real character and effects. We cannot but think it a peculiar providence, that you have been preserved, and conducted in the evening of life once more across the Atlantic, to furnish a new and much-needed example to the world of the force and dignity of sentiment, which may be found in a free government, and of the efficacy of just and liberal principles in relation to the best civil and social purposes."....."You, by your presence, and by the unparalleled regard which we manifest for you, make us reflect seriously and deeply upon our laws and institutions, upon our civil and social character, upon our relations to one another, and upon the tendencies of our whole political and moral system."

"It is the moral and political grandeur, connected with your visit to us, upon which our minds delight to dwell. A mere pageant is unworthy of both parties. When foreign presses fling back upon us our homage to you, as inconsistent with our republican principles and manners, they prove the truth of what has already been said, that they *do not*, and *cannot* understand us. They look at all this stripped of its

associations, *individualised* and exclusively devoted to *the man*, after the manner of the homage paid to a king or an emperor. But we identify *you*, as we do WASHINGTON, with the cause, the sentiments, the institutions, the blessings, which the recollection, and still more the sight of you, can never fail to embody and present with paramount interest and force, to our minds. We see perfect consistency in this, the triumph of free principles and self-government. YOUR PRESENCE IS THE JUBILEE OF LIBERTY. The excitement, and the manifestations, to which it gives rise, are an unanswerable commentary upon the true theory of the Rights of Man."....."Liberal principles must ultimately triumph, because they are the principles of truth, the principles that govern the Universe. The maxims and monopolies of selfishness are falling before them, wherever inquiry is allowed, or forces its way. This is equally true in government, morals, and religion. *To this triumph, you never contributed more than within the few months which you have now spent on this side of the Atlantic.* Your presence is making impressions upon the ardent and ingenuous minds of the young men around you, which they will never forget. They and their children will dwell upon the recollection as a most important era, and will, should duty call, shed the last drop of their blood in defending the *Cause*, for which WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE hazarded all they held dear, wealth and freedom, life and fame."

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S REPLY.

"While I have, with the utmost gratitude, enjoyed the kind welcome, bestowed upon me by the people of Kentucky and their Chief Magistrate: and, on this happy day, by the citizens of this town and county, I have the highest and most grateful sense of the honor, I now receive from the University of the State, and its respected President. I could not, in so eloquent terms as you have done it, Sir, express the patriotic and enlightened observations, the fond anticipations, which have been presented by you; but with them I cordially sympathize; never more so, than when you speak of that *Constitutional Union* between the several parts of the Confederacy, so necessary, not only to these states, but to the welfare of mankind, and which has been the last farewell recommendation from our great and good WASHINGTON, to the American People.

To your so interesting remarks, Sir, on the diffusion of light through the Western States, I will add, that already the Western Stars of the American Constellation have shone with splendid lustre in the national councils. South America and Mexico will never forget, that the first voice, heard in Congress for the recognition of their Independence, was a *Kentuckian Voice*; nor can they any more forget, that to the wise and spirited declarations of the government of the United States, they have been indebted for the disappointment of hostile projects, and for a more speedy recognition by European Powers.

I will not expatiate on your allusions to several parts of the French history, to explain which would trespass on your time, further than to thank you, Sir, for having noticed the day, when the Parisian National Guards had the honour at the same time to suppress a counter revolutionary effort against the Sovereignty of the People, and the Rights of Man, and in a great measure, to defeat the partial and most heinous attempt, which on that day threatened to sully the Cause of Liberty. Permit me also, Sir, to acknowledge the personal testimonies of esteem and friendship, you have been pleased to confer upon me, and to offer the expression of my respectful gratitude to you and to the University of Kentucky."

The following is the *talk* which was delivered to General LAFAYETTE at the Chat-tahoochee, by POETHLEHOLA, one of the principal Chiefs of the CREEKS. This Indian, though yet a young man, is said to possess all the native talents and genius for which the late Big Warrior was so eminently distinguished.

GENERAL DE LAFAYETTE:

Friend and Brother—I am glad to have it in my power to shake the right hand of the friend and brother soldier of our old and much esteemed father, Washington: (such I am told you have been) and with gratitude, my heart is with my hand. I speak for my nation as well as for myself; thus you hear the sentiments of the Muscoge tribe of red men. May the protecting hand of the Great Spirit be with you, and support you in your old age on this long and fatiguing journey in a strange land: and safely return you to our father the President of the United States; and when you have arrived there, you will do me, as well as my nation, a particular favor, by tendering our most sincere compliments to him; and say, that his red children are happy to see his much beloved friend from over the big waters. And when it should suit your convenience to leave these United States, the Great Spirit is solicited in your favor in crossing the rolling ocean; and that you may safely return to the bosom of your family, with as much comfort as your life has been useful and glorious, is the sincere and ardent desire of your red friend and brother.

POETHLEHOLA,

*Principal Warrior of the Muscoge
Tribe of Indians.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'MARIAN TALBOT,' (which is almost literally what it purports to be,) would have appeared sooner, but for the loss of the *original MS.* We have therefore, to ask forgiveness of the fair author, both for the unintentional delay, and the slight variations existing in the *copy* from which it is printed.

'MARCIA' will perceive we have complied with his request: but we shall expect him to bestow a little more pains in the elaboration of his future favors.

As 'H.' appears to have been driven from the field by our former exhortation, we have concluded to insert the shortest of his effusions, by way of encouragement: though, we must say, the last line constitutes but a *sad* termination to his heroics.

Lines 'TO THE ROSE,' from the 'young lady' to whom we were recently indebted for an ode to Lafayette, have just been received; and will be inserted with pleasure in our next. We hope her example may rouse the slumbering energies of CELIO,—whose continued neglect of our invitation, we fear, will ere long bring upon him the inglorious appellation of 'single speech' CELIO.

Miscellaneous Items.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Catholic Emancipation Bill passed the second reading, by a majority of 27—509 members being present. This vote decides the fate of the bill in the House. But we have no means of judging whether its fate will be any better in the Lords than has been that of its predecessors. In 1813, Mr. Grattan's bill passed by a majority of 11, in a house of 597 members. It was subsequently thrown out by the Lords, by a majority of 39 out of 297 votes. The opponents of the bill thought it a happy omen that the bill should have been rejected by a majority of exactly the number of the articles of the established church. The debate spoken of above, was a very able one, and Mr. Canning although so much indisposed as to be obliged to leave the house before the question was taken, acquitted himself with his usual ability.

The Old Times of April the 20th, contains the proceedings of a coroner's inquest held upon the body of a man whose boat was run down by a steam packet, on the Thames, while he was attempting to board her in the night, and by which means he was drowned. The jury decided that the disaster was caused by negligence on the part of those who had the management of the steamer, and consequently levied a deodand on the packet, of 150*l.*

GREECE.—Notwithstanding the favorable accounts we have received continually from Greece, we must confess that we have sometimes trembled when we read of their internal divisions, and the defection of some of their ablest Generals. Our fears are now revived, and our apprehensions increased.

It will be recollected, that on Thursday last, we published the substance of letters from Napoli de Romania, Zante and Cephalonia, upon the authenticity of which, the London Courier said it had every reason to rely, representing the success of the Greek arms, particularly against the Egyptian troops who landed at Modon, under Ibrahim Pacha. We now regret to find in the Courier of the 22d, letters from Zante (March 22) and Smyrna (March 21) relating to the same events, but giving all the advantages to the Turks. The Courier says—"We lay them before our readers, merely remarking that the channel through which they have reached us is most respectable. Where the truth actually lies, we must wait for further information."

Extract of a letter dated Zante, March 22d.

"The Turks this year have pushed on. Ibrahim Pacha has effected a landing at Modon and Coron with 15,000 men, and the vessels are gone back for others. They (the Egyptian troops) are gone in the direction of Calamata, and have burnt many villages. The blockade of Patras has been unavailing, as Mahmoud has passed into Patras in his ten gun brig, with many vessels under convoy, loaded with provisions from Prevesa. Immense forces are collecting by the Turks in Albania. Ulysses has gone over with Trelawney to the Turks. It is now thought here that the Turks will subdue the Greeks this year."

Extract of a letter, dated Smyrna, March 21.

"Ibrahim Pacha has landed at Modon, and has taken possession of Navarin, Calamata, and some other minor places in the West; whilst on this side (the North East side,) it appears that Odysseus has deserted the Greeks, and has joined the Turks under Omar Pacha, and that they, together, have taken Corinth, so that the Turks, even in winter, are gaining ground in all quarters."

The States General of the Netherlands have granted the King 8,000,000 of florins for the purpose of repairing the damage occasioned by the late inundations. It appears that in the province of Over-Yssel alone, 150 persons, 14,000 head of cattle, and 1,500 houses were destroyed. Much mischief has been done by a tremendous hail storm in the Duchy of Luxembourg; and North Holland has suffered severely by the irruptions of the sea.

Amidst the public and private calamities of Spain, the Jesuits and Monks flourish. There are now upwards of 180,000 convents in the Peninsula.

Albany Pier and Basin.—The Pier and Basin at Albany are nearly completed. The Pier is 4,400 feet long, its height on an average 20 feet, and its width 80 feet. The Basin covers 32 acres, and is capable of containing 1,000 canal boats, and 50 or 60 vessels of the largest class employed on the Hudson.

The State Bank of Trenton, N. J. has stopped payment—for the present.

Several gentlemen in New-York have resolved to unite in a Society, the *Academy of Ancient Literature*. The object of the institution, as its name imports, is to promote classical knowledge in our country.

On the 10th of May, the Academy of Fine Arts, in the city of New-York, celebrated their Anniversary. Among the toasts, was the following, given by the President:—"The memory of one of the earliest members, one of the first, one of the most liberal benefactors of the American Academy of Fine Arts—NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE." This sentiment, which struck us as being a little remarkable, is thus explained by the Editors of the New-York American:

It is not perhaps known, that on the establishment of the Academy, the late Emperor presented to it, through Chancellor Livingston, a most superb collection of casts and engravings; and the Academy now possesses a collection of casts, not surpassed, if equalled in any city of Europe.

It is said that upon hearing of the premature death of the late Rev. C. Maturin, and learning that he had left a widow but ill provided for, and some unpublished manuscripts, Sir Walter Scott wrote to the unfortunate lady a letter of condolence, in which among other kind expressions of respect for the genius of the departed author, he gratuitously offered his editorial services, for the purpose of giving his works to the world in a form the most likely to be productive to her profit.

☞ The Episcopal Church will be open to-morrow for Divine service.

THEATRE.

We understand that the Thespian Corps is preparing an entertainment for performance at the Theatre on TUESDAY evening next—for the benefit of the sufferers by the late Fire.

MARRIED,

Thursday afternoon, 9th inst. by the Rev. D. Root, Mr. O. B. BLACHLY, merchant, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH P., daughter of Abigail Alden, of Connecticut.

DIED,

Lately, in Illinois, MORRIS BIRKBECK, Esq. of New-Albion. Mr. B. was drowned in crossing a branch of the Wabash, on his return from a visit to Mr. Owen at New-Harmony.

Original Poetry.

MARIAN TALBOT.

Written after visiting the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, Ky.

POOR MARIAN TALBOT!

Her accents of despair still haunt my brain.
How soft and mournful is her voice!—Its tones
Of deepest pathos ring with painful truth,
Like Music's lingering echoes, on the ear:

"Oh! is it not affecting—awful—dreadful!
"No human power can avail me more.
"Four lovely babes, all in a cold, cold cave;—
"And there, alas! their mother cannot go!"
Her pale and bony hand she then stretched out:
"See, see!" she cried, with solemn energy,
"This is unchanging—this imperishable!
"The world will change, and Heaven and earth will
fade,—
"The universe decay:—but this remains!"
She does not rave: her mood is ever gentle;
Her manners easy, polished, and engaging,—
And ev'n her language beautiful and pure:
"Marian, like you, was once beloved and happy;
"But now no door is open to receive her:—
"Too sure a proof that worthless I am grown,
"Since neither friends nor kindred I have left,
"With soothing voice my hapless lot to cheer!
"Will you not, lady! take me to your home?
"You will not?—Ah! I knew, I knew 'twas so;
"And I am then despised:—Yet, 'twas not thus,
"When my poor Father, pious, learned, and good,—
"With fond paternal care, the love of truth,
"And wisdom, thro' my young affections poured;
"And led me in the paths of peace and learning.
"Happy in virtue's footsteps, I was then
"His joy, his pride;—alas, behold me now!
"Lady, you weep!—O, is it not affecting?
"It is indeed affecting—awful—dreadful!
"Will no kind being take me to her home—
"Not for a day—not for a single hour?"

POOR MARIAN TALBOT!—Who unmoved can see
Thy withered form—blanched cheek—and anxious
eye;

Or calmly hear those tones of maniac power,
That agitate, and please,—yet grieve, the heart?

MYRA.

DESPONDENCY.

Lo! nature hangs her head,
And mourns my hapless fate:
Each glittering hope hath fled,
Each joy that could elate!
The scented gales, the blooming Spring,
The tuneful birds on fluttering wing;
The silvery moon, of night the queen,
And all the starry hosts serene;
The purling brook, the murmuring rill,
The charm of eve, so mild and still;
The blooming dells, the linnet's song,
Echo, that bears the notes along!—
All, all, have lost their charms for me,
In deep despair and melancholy!!

H.

TO E.

I.

The peerless mien, the pure unconscious grace,
And mingling harmony of form and face;
The thrilling magic-spell of beauty's motion,
Allure the heart to thee, in fond devotion;
And turn the gaze of fascinated eyes,
To woo and worship thee, with heart-sent sighs;
And read with rapture in thy smiling look,
Love's artless precepts in his own fair book.

II.

To see thy gesture, with enchanting air,
Tell more than volumes of romance declare:
To view that tender eloquence, which speaks
In wordless language, in thy changing cheeks;
As o'er the Eye, its shifting shadows rove—
(That true, though varying telegraph of love)
Schools the young heart in nature's mysteries more
Than churchman's phrase, or academic lore.

III.

Her rosy smiles in lovely labyrinths stray
Around her lips, as mimic lightnings play,
In magic splendour, round a Fairy shrine,
Whose circle of enchantment seems divine;
And yet the vocal language of that mouth,
Siren and soft and brilliant as the south,
And all instinctive as the song of birds—
Translates but mute expressions into words.

IV.

Her hair, all beautiful and black, lay round
A Phidian forehead fair—its shady bound;
Her temples saddening with a pensive air,
As if soft sorrows she were doomed to bear;
While braidless tresses, like a "banner free,"
Float o'er her breast as clouds above the sea,
Making it lovelier, ere in storm the billow
Awakes from sleep upon its ocean pillow.

V.

And buried deep in folds of raven hair,
With furled wings as rolled in misty air,
The quivered Boy in rosy slumber lies,
Dreaming, I ween, of Venus and the skies;
With fragrant sigh embalming every tress
That veils with sable shade her loveliness;
Threat'ning, the while, the tranquil breast, below,
To gust with storms of amatorial wo.

VI.

Her eye, from sacred darkness darts its ray—
As through black clouds the loveliest lightnings play—
And glows and melts, with fond and vivid flame,
Whose genial fire from Love's own altar came:
And there I read,—as Chaldees read, above,
Their hope or doom in some fond star they love;—
The fate of hearts that in love's flattering dream,
Trust the vain twinkle of its stellar beam!

LARA.

WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

Bright and beauteous is the light
Of the radiant Sun, when he sinks at night,—
Like a mighty chieftain gone to his rest,—
In his own refulgent home in the West!

Oh! 'tis a melancholy hour,
And oft recalls, with its mystic power,
The sweetest pleasure—the deepest wo—
Which the scar'd heart can ever know;
That heart which dwells on other years,
When hours were spent in joy, or tears!

MARCIAN.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

The following beautiful lines are from
the pen of the late unfortunate FRANCIS BA-
KER: they first appeared in the Mississippi Re-
publican of 1818, published at Natchez. They
breathe a spirit of rich poetical feeling rarely
met with, and evince a melancholy cast of mind,
which characterised all his poetical produc-
tions:—

R. C. L.

TO PLEASURE.

Oh Pleasure! I have fondly woo'd,
But never won thy fleeting favor;
My early suit was wild and rude,
And startled, thou did'st fly for ever.

Awhile, I deeply sorrowed o'er
The wreck of all that perished then;
But wilder, sweeter than before,
Thy smile, though distant, beamed again.

And my sad heart, tho' deeply chilled,
Still panting, sought thy loved embrace,
Traced every path thy votaries filled,
To meet thee in thy RESTING PLACE.

I saw thee, mantling warm in wine,
And deeply bathed my fevered lip;
I saw thee pause at beauty's shrine,
And, surely, hoped thy sweets to sip.

But wine and beauty, both conspired
To fill my soul with dark regret;
For scarcely were their sweets expired,
Than pleasure, fleeting, 'scaped me yet.

And now—with scarce a feeling warm,
When all should bloom in hearts unwasted,
I turn me from thy lovely form,
Thy joys unknown, thy sweets untasted.

Then fare thee well, deceitful shade!
Tho' bright the charms that still adorn thee;
Too fondly pressed, they withering fade,
And all who follow, soon must scorn thee.

FROM THE MUSEUM.

NIGHT.

I LOVE thee when thou comest, glorious Sun,
Out of the chambers of thy watery dwelling;
I love thee when thy watery beam is telling
Of worlds awaken'd, and man's toil begun;
I love thee, too, when o'er the western hill
Thy parting ray in golden hue is stealing,
For then the gush of soft and pensive feeling
Speaks to the labouring bosom, peace be still;
But thou art not so lovely to mine eye
At morning, balmy eve, or busy noon,
As is thy gentle sister, the pale Moon,
Which shineth now in yon unclouded sky:
Then let me forth to drink her mellow ray;
Who would exchange it for the gaudy day?

THE WORLD.

There is a tumult in the wilderness—
Behold with fiery breath the fierce Simoom
Rushes resistless onward, death and gloom
Darkening behind it in their dreariness!
It is the witherer of beauty, lo!
Strength and the powers of life abide it not,
Each living thing sinks down upon the spot
Lifeless, with all the leaves on every bough!
Thus is it with that many-headed thing, [mind
The monstrous world, which, passing o'er the
Of unsuspecting Youth, leaves nought behind
Except the shadowy darkness of its wing,
And Guilt, and wreathing Anguish: Hope can
bring
No balsam, nor can life a succour find.

R. G.